Vpon the KING,S Most Excellent

MAJESTIE

An Anagram & Acrostick.

CHARLES STUART

ANAGRAM.

Arts Chast Rule.

ACROSTICK-

CHARLES STUART

Crowns of Gold with Gemms beset are vain,
Heavenly Crowns of Content are Gain:
A shaddow is the Throne this World affords,
Riches and Honours are but weights with Cords
Loading the Princes shoulders, who them bare;
Each Common trouble call's for them to share.
Soul therefore let thy Meditation
Soar higher for a Habitation:
Treasure up Goods where neither Moth nor rust
(Undervalue things that turn to dust)
Are able to corrupt, that so thy Heart,
Rising above the highth of mans desert,
Triumphing may released be of smart.

Anagram.

Arts Chast Rule,

Epigram.

TIll *Arts Chast Rule* we do approve,
And all things seek to win by Love,
We must all miseries endure;
Not Goods, nor Lands, nor Lives secure
Can we expect, when each day brings
New Changes, and new Sufferings:
Wherefore Call in and him Enthrone,
Who only can lay Claim to a Crown:
Let not the towring minds of men,
Insult for private Interests then;
But Tribute give to whom 'tis due,
That so GODS Blessing may ensue,
Lest he O'return, o'return, o'return,
And many Towns and Cities Burn:
And waste the Nation, to performe
His Word which shall not be forlorn:
Who hath it promised to give,
To whom 'tis due as he doth Live:
Therefore do not his Word withstand,
But to its Right restore the Land;
By which a Pardon you may find,
When to Repentance ye're enclin'd:
That so in Peace your dayes may end,
Which in this World God doth you lend.

The Peoples Complaint through want of their Exil'd Soveraigne LORD: the KING.

WEE Englishmen are worse then *Æsops* Frogs,
We call'd those Tyrant Kings which were but Logs,
For when both Peace and plenty fil'd our Nation,
We not content cry out for Reformation;
Jove sent us Storks, who in short time devour
One hundred thousand Natives by their Power:
This strikes us to the Heart, and we bethink
How to repair our Chains, break Linck from Linck.
We try a Parliament which doth not please,
We make of them a *Rump*, and yet not cease,
We reform our General to a Protector,
Who turn'd out *Rumps*, and play'd the gallant *Hector*.
He Parliaments did call, and they did come,
He turn'd them out and left an empty Room,
Till *Jove* call'd him aside by a great wind,
Who left us all to grope like those are blind;
For when his Son did take the Royal Throne,
We cry'd a Log, a Log, and threw him down:
We call'd the *Rumps* again we had before,
Who by a Cipher were turn'd out of doore:
A Safe Committee then did rule the Roast,
Of which we have no reason for to boast:
Our *Rumps* did worry them out, and sit againe,
Till twice they Roasted were, which work'd their bane:
At last the Parliament of forty-eight,
Began to sit inth' House in former State;
At their re-sitting all the Bells did Ring,
Much more they will when we have *Charles* our *King*.

FINIS.

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